

The "Wicked Flea" Husband

Second Article by Carolyn Wells;
Humor, but Real Truth Behind It
On This Page Saturday, Feb. 11

Carolyn Wells WRITES ABOUT The "Husband Complex"

HOW TO MANAGE THE KIND OF A HUSBAND YOU HAVE

"I Had a Little Husband
No Bigger Than My Thumb,
I Put Him in a Pint Pot
And Then I Bid Him Drum."

Is That What You Have Done With
Your Husband?

By Carolyn Wells.

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ALTHOUGH the careless and un-analytic mind recognizes only one type of husband, and lumps the whole lot under the title of Brute, yet there are variations of the species.

Husbands, it is now generally conceded, are a necessary evil, and as such are entitled to consideration and classification.

They are of types as varied and distinct as those of a printer's font, and though some of the types are as extinct as Benson's Dodo, yet many are alive to-day and must be reckoned with.

The Angel type of husband is seen no more. He wasn't appreciated and the style fell into disuse.

Yet, after all, it is the wife's treatment of a husband that makes him what he is or what he is not.

And, though wives are, as is well known, omniscient and infallible, yet they cannot afford to neglect a word or two of expert advice.

Nor do they mind getting it. Notwithstanding a mistaken notion to the contrary, women are avid for advice. Not to follow it—Lord, no! But by some inscrutable dispensation of Providence they have a sub-conscious appetite for advice that is never satiated.

Wise, why do they eagerly read all the "Hints and Helps in their Nobody Home Journals? Wise and experienced housekeepers fairly eat up Directions for "Tidy Dishes, which they never concoct. They cut out all the Kitchen Kinks and Pantry Patter, intending to paste them in imaginary scrap books, which they never get at. But their creed is, "If you see it in it, it's gospel truth," and so we proceed to throw into print some priceless advice and comment, knowing that a Word to the Wives is sufficient.

A prominent type among husbands of to-day is the

PINT-POT HUSBAND.

He is earliest mentioned in history in the classic rhyme:

I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum.

Now, as beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so is the size of a husband only estimated by the measuring glance of his wife.

This is, of course, figurative language, for the husband may be one of those big, lumbering affairs with a voice like a fog-horn. But the wife means that his importance, compared to her own, is no more considerable than her own dainty thumb.

Not that this effaces him entirely by no means. A thumb is a most

important part of the human equipment. Not always in use, but ready, available any moment. An insignificant detail, but always in place and waiting command, yet never obtrusive.

An apt comparison, indeed. The thumbiness of some husbands is evident at a glance. And their wives love them and are proud of them.

And as she is in absolute control of her own thumb, so is this wife in complete authority over her husband. Whereupon she

THE FASTER HE DRUMS THE MORE LUXURY SHE MAY HAVE



Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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DEAR MISS DOSCHER: I come to you with my trouble because I am simply distracted with the condition of my hair. I have to tease it and it has gotten so thin I now have to wear pads to puff my hair out or else not be stylish. My hair comes out by the handfuls and as it once had a beautiful growth I feel badly about it. Your help will be gratefully appreciated by DISCOURAGED.

Has it never struck you that there might be another cause open to you besides teasing the hair, wearing false pads or else not being stylish? Do not be misled into dressing your hair in a way that is unhealthy for the scalp, thus following blindly the custom of the mass of girls, but remember that there is no place where individuality of taste has such a play and brings such excellent results as in the dressing of the hair.

Maxims of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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At most, masculine vanity receives a few pin-pricks from women, yet nothing short of shell-holes would have permanently destructive effect.

EVERY girl should refuse at least one lover before accepting another. Then she can spend the rest of her life telling her husband how happy she MIGHT have been with his rival.

Home is a vastly overestimated spot. When little the children annoy their parents; when grown up the reverse is true.

The only boy who doesn't want a dog is he who has one and finds he must take it to walk; the only man who doesn't want a feminine adorer is he who has one, and who finds that he has also a responsibility.

One reason why the business woman makes a successful wife is because after all her experiences in "hitting the boss for a raise" she generally knows when and when NOT to ask her husband for money.

In the old-fashioned novel they married on the last page and lived happy ever after; in the new-fashioned novel they live unhappy ever after—till they UNMARRY on the last page.

Yes, Dorothea, it's awfully insulting for a perfectly strange man to say "Hello, girly," but it does make you feel ten years younger!

Sooner or later every young man reaches the age when, if there is no guilty secret in his life, he feels compelled to invent one.

Jealousy is the cud which suspicious wives chew; they really wouldn't be contented without it.

The "Pint Pot" Husband

FIRST OF A SERIES OF FIVE ARTICLES

The "Pint Pot" May Be an Upholstered Private Office or a Necktie Counter, but Into It He Goes—and Drums.

And the Tunes He Plays Are His Wife's Selections

puts him in a pint-pot and there she bids him drum.

This pint-pot may be the upholstered private office of a financial magnate, the cage of a bank teller or the necktie counter of a department store, but into it he goes, and in obedience to her bidding he drums away for dear life, Aye, and he drums away for dear wife, for the harder and faster he drums the more luxury she may have and the better she is pleased.

The Pint-Pot Husband doesn't always enjoy his lot especially, but this matters not to the wife. Perhaps her thumb isn't entirely happy either, but it never occurs to her to consider the matter. Her one idea is to make her husband drum—drum, though his fingers weary and his drumsticks well nigh fall from his tired hands.

Nor may he select his favorite tunes. She bids him drum her tunes, her time, at her conducting. Jazz or hymn, dirge or psalm, she bids, and he drums.

Does she want a broadtail coat like her neighbor's? Accelerando, Drummer! Does she desire another bathroom in the country house? Allegro! Vite! Tattoo—roll—crash! Drum away at her bidding! (He drums away.)

No, the husband doesn't enjoy himself. His pint-pot is cramped and uncomfortable, he is sick of the sound of his own drumming, but—she bids him drum. And he loves her. They love each other. They love the children. So he drums.

The wives of the Pint-Pot Husbands are the stuff of which feminists are made. They are the women who won the suffrage, who paraded and carried banners, while their husbands staid in their pint-pots and drummed.

Also these wives are found among the leaders of society. The Grande Dame, all smiles and jewels as she receives her guests, her pint-potter at her side, is even now silently bidding him drum. And valiantly, patiently he obeys. Though he drums a lighter, quicker motif than when in the office, yet it is at the wave of the same baton, at the nod of the same conductor.

Does the pint-pot husband never rebel and smash out the sides of his pint-pot and free himself? Never! If he did he wouldn't be a pint potter. On the contrary, he gets so used to obeying that he accedes to any one's request—obeys any one's orders. He takes the goods the salesman thrusts upon him, he buys the books the book agent advises—in a word, he is Acquiescence Incarnate.

And as to advice to his wife? Well, it's really unnecessary, for by this time it's second nature to her to bid, while the pint-pot husband drums—and drums—and DRUMS!

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The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband?

The story of a typical New York girl, Peggy Dayton, eighteen, who has just entered business as a stenographer. Her heart is divided between two lovers, Billy Bracton, her own age, and Harrison Townley, a well-to-do bachelor ten years her senior. The office opens new experiences, brings new lovers. Begin reading this story to-day. Every installment a new episode in Peggy's affairs.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL PARK.

It was not until Peggy and Billy were seated in a cozy nook overlooking the bridge path in Central Park that they spoke of the dance the night before. They had strolled about the park for over an hour and now with tired eyes which had admired the beauty of the many lakes, the trees and shrubbery, which even in winter were fascinating, they looked off into the distance, the long future that lay ahead of them.

Each was silent for a few moments and yet it seemed as if they read each other's thoughts. What would that future be? Was it written in the book of fate that they should marry or were they just good friends who had spent several years of their youth together and were to meet some one else?

The sun was very warm for a winter sun. "Almost hot enough to give you freckles," Peggy giggled as she turned her back to it and tried to coax a squirrel to eat a peanut from her hand. Then, unable to stand the silence any longer, she asked:

"What did you think of Billy Minton, Billy? You always said you liked old-fashioned girls, so tell me if she lived up to your ideals."

Billy drew forth his meerschaum pipe, filled it and lighted it before he answered her. Then he looked at Peggy with half closed eyes as he allowed a whimsical, half-bitten little smile to play about his lips.

"Peggy, when I said I admired an old-fashioned girl," he began, "I meant a girl who is old-fashioned at heart, not a girl who just looks old-fashioned. That little Billy Minton is as kittenish and flapperish at heart as any girl living right in the heart of New York."

"I didn't dance with her, Peg, be-

cause I admired her, but because—well, because I didn't like that Percy Peterson. I don't see how you can invite a chap like that to your home. I thought that if I danced with Bella and showed her a bit of attention this would make you jealous. But the modern girl hasn't any of that green stuff in her veins."

"I must confess when I stayed to say goodbye to you last night that I expected you to pout and be a trifle provoked. Instead, when I saw your clear, cool eyes I realized that I had lost a good many dances in favor of Jack Reed and Peterson."

"Then you don't like old-fashioned girls?" persisted Peggy.

"Only like one girl in the world, Peggy Dayton, and you know it," declared Billy, as he pulled at a nearby twig. "And I've given ten years of my life if you would say that you only care for one boy in the world."

"I'd give ten peanuts to that squirrel if he'd tell me whether to marry you or Harrison Townley," laughed Peggy.

"Oh, it isn't divided between us," eventually pointed out Billy. "You mustn't forget Jack Reed and your latest Percy Peterson."

"Oh, but I don't really like them," said Billy. "But yet they're on your list." "But they never would be missed," countered Peggy.

"I'm not quite certain about that," grinned Billy as he refilled his pipe and seemed in better humor. "Peggy, I should be heartbroken over you and all your beauties, but we are such a couple of kids that sometimes I see it all as a huge joke. But don't you sometimes feel that you and I—that we are different—that our friendship is permanent, that somehow we couldn't live without each other and that our thoughts and hearts are bound together?"

The sun was a golden glow now and Billy was very fast into a purplish background. Peggy looked into Billy's brown eyes and read sincerity, simplicity, faith and patience.

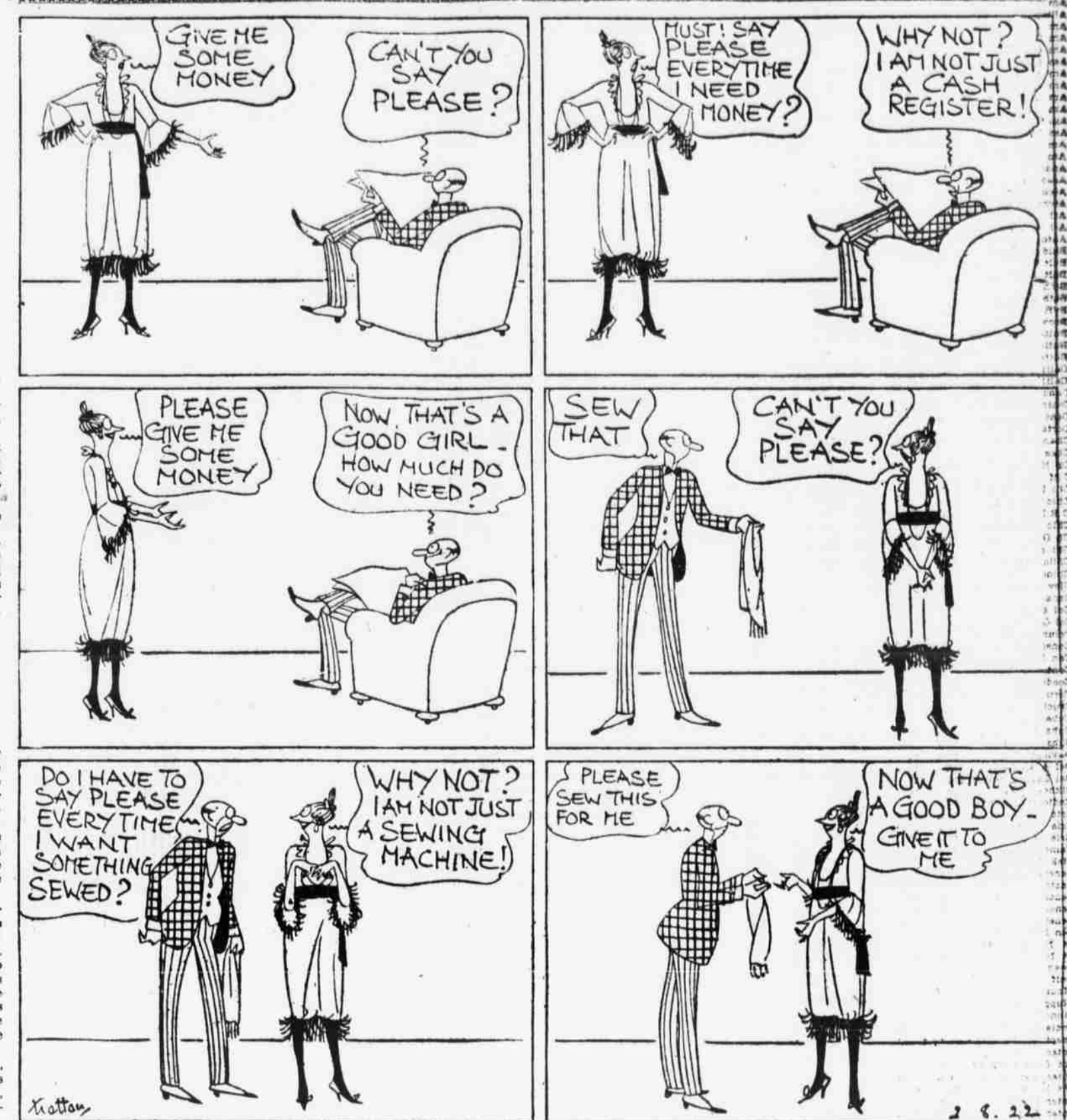
"I do, Billy dear," she said as they started back to her home.

To-Morrow—Over the Teacups.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



To-Day's Anniversary

THE unrest in India to-day and the visit of the Prince of Wales reminds us that this is the fiftieth anniversary of the assassination of Earl Mayo, Vice-roy of India. He was Richard Southwell Bourke, sixth Earl of Minto, who was slain by a convict on Feb. 8, 1872. The Earl became Viceroy in 1869. He was on a visit of official inspection to the penal settlement of Andaman Island, and was examining the establishment at Port Blair when he was stabbed by a native convict and died from the wound.

The very name "Assassin" is of Eastern origin, and is derived from the sect of fanatical Mohammedans called Assassins, who were powerful in India, Syria and Persia between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries. This year is the 769th anniversary of the murder of Lewis of Bavaria by the Assassins.

The Khan of Tartary and the Marquis of Montserrat were also among the unnumbered thousands of the victims of this religious sect whose creed was murder.

The chief of the order was called the "Old Man of the Mountain," who trained up young men to assassinate such persons as their chief had doomed to destruction.

What Every Woman Should Know

By Emilie Hoffman.

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TO clean kid gloves make a thick paste of white soap, using a shaving brush. Put the glove on the hand and cover with the lather, then quickly rub it with a clean flannel cloth. Repeat until glove is clean, but do so rapidly that the lather will not penetrate the kid.

One thrifty housewife gets nice aprons out of the backs of her husband's discarded shirts. The fronts and sleeves make bibs, pockets and bands. She also gets a couple of aprons out of the skirts of house dresses after the waist portion is beyond wear.

Sew a tape to one corner of the padded holder. Put a buttonhole at the other end of the tape. To attach this have a button sewed on your apron either at the belt or near the right shoulder. The holder will al-

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"LOOKY here, dearie," whimpered Mr. Jarr. "Do I have to go to another one of those 'Mordid Moments With Musical Motions' at Mrs. Stryver's? Gee, it's hardly two weeks since I was dragged to one!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that—no, I don't mean about being dragged to Mrs. Stryver's, but that it is only two weeks since her other affair. It reminds me that Mrs. Stryver, with all her faults and all her ignorance and all her airs of cheap gentility, is at least hospitable. We wouldn't have any social life at all if it wasn't for the poor, fat thing. Mrs. Rahgle can't give any affairs in her little, crowded flat, even if she knew any people of prominence besides us, and Clara Muirbridge-Smith is so selfish that she won't go to the trouble of giving any receptions at her apartments in the High Costa Arms. All she wants to do is to go to Palm Beach or Atlantic City or, when she is home, which is seldom, to jazz cabarets. If it weren't for Mrs. Stryver we would no longer have a salon, or anything like it."

"What worries me is that we no longer have a salon or anything like it," Mr. Jarr nodded.

"Well," Mr. Stryver continued, "I found the chauffeur forgot to pack it. It's a whole case of—so far as the duck hunt was concerned—geology, mist. Are you for me or against me?"

"I'm for you!" cried Mr. Jarr. "Lead me to it. Wonderful, interesting and inspiring muscades your wife gives, old man. I never miss a one of them!"

"Never mind your lamentations because the salon, that menace to the home, has been abolished," Mrs. Jarr interrupted to say. "Saloons were only schools for criminals."

"Maybe you are right," murmured Mr. Jarr, "but all the criminals seem to be out of school these days, minding, robbing and everything."

So, having protested without avail, Mr. Jarr donned his society regalia and accompanied Mrs. Jarr to the Stryver mansion.

"Welcome, fellow Nimrod!" cried Mr. Stryver cordially, coming forward to greet the Jarrs. "Come up to the library with me," he added, in a whisper to Mr. Jarr. "You know the anti-freezing compound we thought we took with us to the duck hunt and believed was stolen before we could get a taste of it?"

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Hands That Do the Housework Often Show

If dishwashing, scrubbing and other necessary duties of your day work roughen and red on your hands—then use VELOGEN.

Apply it liberally at night after washing the hands with warm water, rubbing it gently into the skin. The dry skin quickly feels its influence and a soothing, softening result follows. Use it again in the morning, wiping off what remains on your hands. VELOGEN does not grow hair, nor does it stain the most delicate fabric. Use it on your face in case of windburn, chapped lips and cheeks.

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—Advertisement.